

Notes and Comments.

The Source of all Disorder. Time and again we have called attention to the fact that the saloon is the greatest disturber of the peace, the worst breeder of crime, poverty, and misery in all this land. The truth of this statement no sane man will deny. The press is not always outspoken on this subject, but it is not owing to ignorance, but to *cowardice*. Few public journals have the courage of their convictions, in fact do not have the courage to have convictions *at all*, on this absorbing question. Now and then, however, the truth comes to them so plainly, that they are compelled to recognize it. It is said that the law of Illinois requiring saloons to close on election day from 5:00 A. M. to 4:00 P. M. was rigidly enforced in Chicago this fall. Speaking of the result the *Chicago Journal*, which tho far from being a Prohibition paper, makes the following confession:

The vote of November 3 was by far the largest in the city's history, and the election was as decorous as a Presbyterian meeting. The day was an object lesson in civilization, showing that with the baleful influence of the saloon banished there is not an appreciable fraction of this vast population that is disposed to turbulence and disorder.

Exactly so. The wonder is that the Christian Church does not rise up in its might and sweep from the face of the earth this breeder of vice, crime, disorder, and everything that is opposed to purity and virtue. Why not? The church can do it, and thus free the country of anarchists and maintain the rights and liberties of the people.

Living In Christ. These words from the *Christian Intelligencer* we would gladly write on the heart of every disciple of Jesus:

It has sometimes been said that when a church ceases to be evangelistic it ceases to be evangelical. There is a sense in which it is true. But there is also truth in the statement that the church may be evangelical, holding sound doctrines, but if the church is not living in Christ and leading many souls to him, it is holding these evangelical doctrines in vain. While rejoicing in the correctness of our doctrines, we must be sure that we are faithfully doing the Master's will.

Herein is Charity. Charity, real charity how sweet it is, how like Christ and how it lifts the soul into the very presence of God. We say these are evil times, selfish and worldly. Now and then we come across exhibitions of love—love breaking forth from a heart large enough to swallow up the sorrows of life—that cheer our souls amidst earth's conflicts, its trials, disappointments and its selfishness. Here is one. Not long ago one hundred Armenians who had been despoiled of everything, came to this country as refugees. There were objections to their landing on our western coast, whereupon Lady Henry Somerset, wired from England: "I make the declaration that I will give my personal bond in case any of the Armenians who arrived on the Obdam or California are likely to become public charges. I will be answerable for the removal from the United States of such persons." Noble soul! Herein is charity, real charity for humanity. God give us more such hearts and life will be sweeter. How applicable in this case are the words of the

Independent commenting on the thirteenth chapter I Corinthians:

The proof of love is in giving. The love that gives nothing, that makes no sacrifices, but asks all, is not love; it is selfishness. Love is large and generous, high and holy, while selfishness is narrow and greedy, low and mean. It is the very essence of sin. He who seeks only his own loves not God or man; and to love only self is to miss the sweetness of life, its hope, its aim, its end, and to starve the soul to death.

None but Christ. Here is the confession and Christian confidence of a young Japanese convert, made at a recent session of M. E. Conference, California.

My hair is black, my eyes are black, but my heart has been made white by the blood of Christ. I was a poor heathen boy, and troubled and sin-sick. I went to Shinto, and cried, "O save my poor sin-sick soul!" but no help me. I went to Confucius, and read his words, but my sin-sick not cured. I went to Budha, and waited long, but he did not help. I went to Jesus. He cure me. Hallelujah!

Queries and Answers.

Is it right for a member of the Brethren Church to take bread and wine with any other church, provided he is isolated from the Brethren Church?

The answer to this question must be governed by one's views on the subject of close communion. The Brethren Church would discourage its members taking communion with other denominations on the ground that they are not properly baptized persons. Where a person is deprived of the privilege of taking communion in his own church, why should it be considered wrong to obey the command of the Savior when he said, "This do in remembrance of me?" We think however the exhortation of Paul is in order in this case as in others, "Let a man examine himself and so let him eat." The man who takes the holy sacraments of the Lord, must be his own examiner, while *God*, not man, is his judge. The Lord knows the secrets of his heart, and the relation the communicant sustains. Let each one see to it that he does not partake of these holy emblems unworthily.

King's Children.

LANARK, ILL.

Dear Boys and Girls:—I want to tell you what our Juniors have been doing. They gave a Missionary Concert on Friday evening, November 20 at the church, and took up a collection for the "Chicago Mission" which amounted to \$4.75, and we added twenty-five cents more, making \$5.00 which they sent Brother McFaden for the work. The entertainment consisted of a concert exercise. The Children's

Crusade, given by twenty girls, besides songs and recitations. There were about forty-five children on the program, from four years old to fourteen. We had a full house to hear them.

Now, dear Juniors, how many of you will take up this work, and see what you can do for the mission this winter? Have an entertainment, or earn money some other way, and then write a letter for the *EVANGELIST*, and tell us about it, and in that way we can get new ideas.

Our Junior Society is getting along nicely. We have an attendance of from thirty to forty-five at every meeting. I must close. I am afraid my letter is too long now. You may hear from the Lanark Juniors again. Wishing success to all the Junior workers, I am your friend,

EMMA K. LIGHTY.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

DELLA GROSS.

Man's wants are deep and numerous. We look at the little child in its mother's arms. It is one of the most helpless of beings. As it grows in years, the babe growing into childhood, and childhood into youth, the intellect begins to develop. An education is necessary to meet the wants of that intellect, and after awhile the moral needs of the child must be met. And so we go on, and as our years multiply our wants increase. Does God supply all these needs? In Romans 8:32, we find "He that delivered us his Son . . . will freely give us all things." These gifts are *blessings* from God's hands. But how often we *forget* God's kindness in giving us these blessings. We live from day to day enjoying our homes, our friends and all the comforts of life scarcely ever realizing God's goodness in giving them to us. We say we *thank* God for these blessings. But *how* do we thank Him? Do we show our gratitude to Him by merely offering a few formal prayers? No! We must consecrate, not only a part, but our whole life,—our ALL.

But the greatest of all God's gifts to us is the gift of his own dear Son. Did he deliver him up to his friends that treated him kindly? No, he delivered him up to his enemies—to wicked men. God knew before the Saviour was born in the world, that he would receive this cruel treatment, but he loved us so, that he gave his only Son—a sin-offering for us.

So many of us forget this *the best of all gifts*. That Saviour that died for us is the Saviour we will not follow. We would treat no other friend so ill. As we near another Thanksgiving Day, let us feel and know that God has been good to us all, and given us so many blessings, and *praise* him especially for the gift of his own dear Son, who died that we may have eternal life.